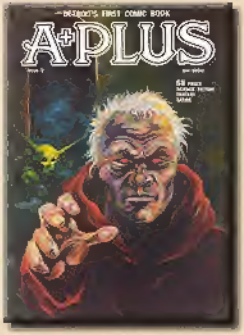

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

A+Plus #3

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Stories:

2 - An Editorial
3 - The Harlequin
16 - Business As Usual
22 - Once Upon A Time
28 - Storm Ram
47 - Just Another War
56 - Vaudevil
63 - Reflections
66 - untitled
67 - The Comics Journal (ad)

Artists:

Kevin Siembieda - 1, 2(ed+), 3-15
Tom Orzechowski - 1(logo)
Alex Marciniszyn - 2(e+)
Jerry Gawronski - 16-21
Michael Kucharski - 22-27(p,s)
Terry Austin - 22-27(i)
Bill Bryan - 28-46
Brian Siembieda - 47-55
James Dombroski - 56-62
Bill Dombroski - 56-62(story concept+)
Peter Simon - 63-65
Kim Fujihara - 66
John Benson - 66

Comments:

n/a

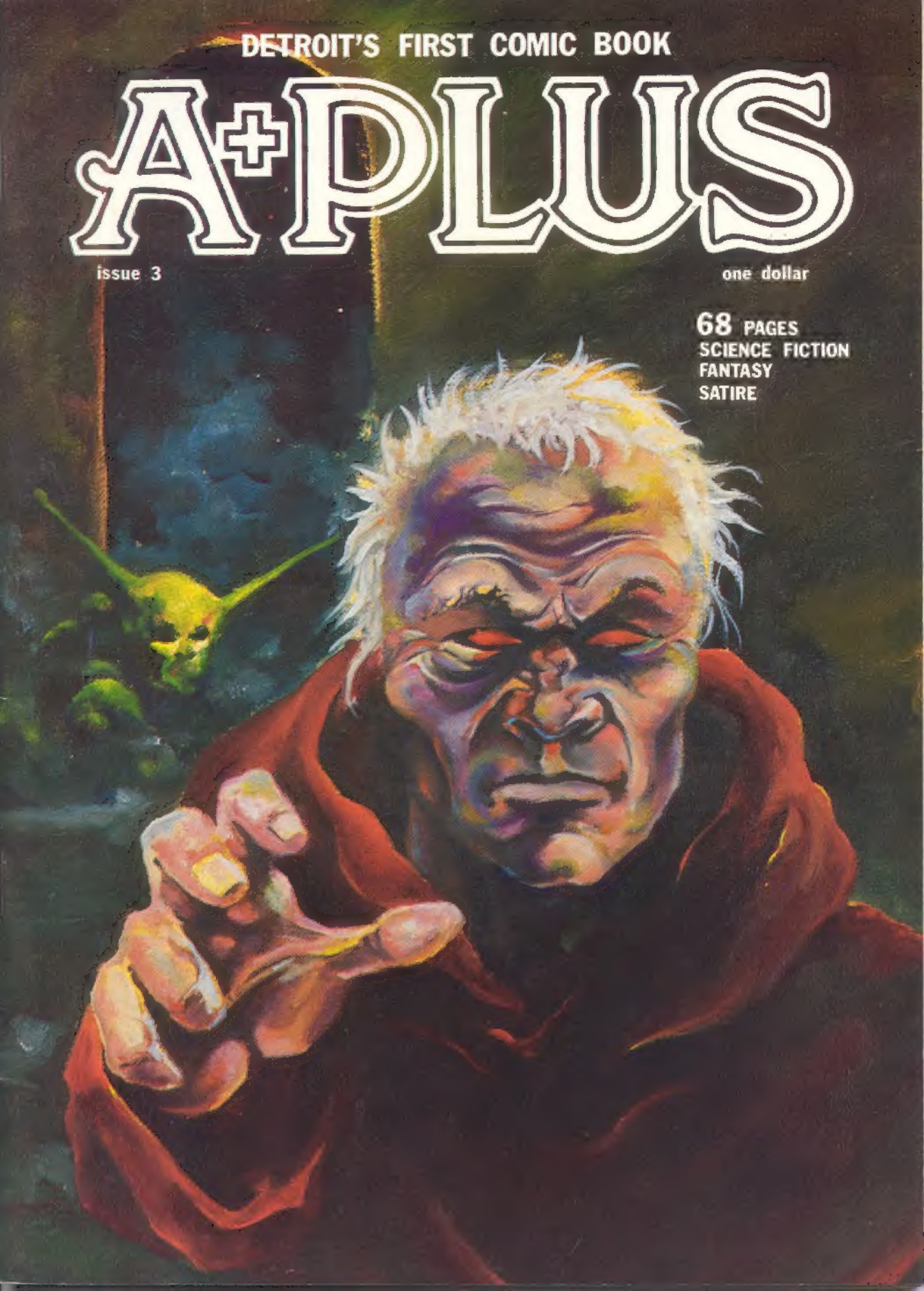
DETROIT'S FIRST COMIC BOOK

A+PLUS

issue 3

one dollar

68 PAGES
SCIENCE FICTION
FANTASY
SATIRE



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AN EDITORIAL

A+plus 3 $1

As we expand with every issue we get more and more comments about our magazine. Some people have suggested that we should become more "commercially" oriented. These people seem to believe that commercial means a great deal of outside advertising and gaudy cover blurbs. That the stories and art should conform to one or two uniform styles and approaches. To hop the commercial band-wagon; i.e. "...if the reader wants STAR WARS, BIONICS, SPIDERMAN and skate boards give it to them."..."Don't experiment so much."..."Where are the Super heroes? Super heroes sell!"..."Maybe you should limit each issue to one theme."...

Maybe they ARE RIGHT?!? Maybe. But we tend to disagree. The use of blurbs/captions and advertising are important to the survival of any magazine and we are and will employ these means. However, the difference is simply one of application and exploitation. The use of blurbs can be utilized to enhance the covers' look and design (as well as inform the reader).

You, our reader, can expect to see an "occasional" advertisement (T.C.J. this issue) in A+PLUS, but they will be VERY FEW and will not interfere with your reading. We will NEVER have ads equaling the amount of our stories and art! That's a promise!

Don't expect us to mimic MARVEL or DC or anyone else for that matter because we have our OWN distinct look and style. It is for that very reason that we will never restrict our artists and writers to conform to any particular style or approach that is not their own! We feel our readers enjoy a variety of styles in art, story, and theme; ...something that deviates from the norm.

Conformity too often leads to consistent monotony. A good publication of any kind should try to appeal and appease its readers by considering their interests, etc.. But this does not mean the printing of some cheap STAR WARS (or whatever) imitation nor a compromise of the author's/artist's ideals.

Ah, but enough philosophy! A+PLUS One and Two "seem" to be selling well. However, we still need your (the readers) help. Our distribution is still not large enough for an organization our size so... spread the word! We have to let people know that we exist and what we hope to achieve.

As for our latest endeavor, A+PLUS 3 introduces the return of BILL BRYAN (who will be a regular contributor henceforth), JIM DOMBROWSKI's series VAUDEVIL, plus five new faces.

TERRY AUSTIN and MIKE KUCHARSKI for one ...er two; FRAN TRAVISANI (SPARE FODDER); fifteen year old JERRY GAWRONSKI (BUSINESS AS USUAL); and KIM FUJIWARA. All these folk and the regular gang have produced our best issue yet!

As a result of a number of sad turn of events JOEL STOLINSKY's work will no longer be found in these pages.

A+PLUS 4, now in production, will feature a fifteen page Science Fiction, space opera-ish strip by ED KWIATKOWSKI and KEVIN SIEMBIEDA. TRUCK ROGERS will be back as well as the usual... PARAPHERNALIA, THE HARLEQUIN, VAUDEVIL and STORMRAM (unless Bill changes his mind), plus some other tid bits. A+PLUS 4 should be available in March ...A+PLUS 5 is in the planning stages.

JIM DOMBROWSKI and KEVIN will soon embark on the publication of a 90 page Fantasy epic which will appear either complete in its own book or as 3 chapters in A+PLUS. But that's a bit in the future.

Alex M. Marciniszyn
Kevin Siembieda

A+PLUS 4 SATIRE FANTASY

& much more... Science Fiction adventure in THE CHOSEN.
Plus Paraphernalia; Vaudevil; Truck Rodgers; The Harlequin;
& that's just the begining!
LOOK FOR US MARCH.

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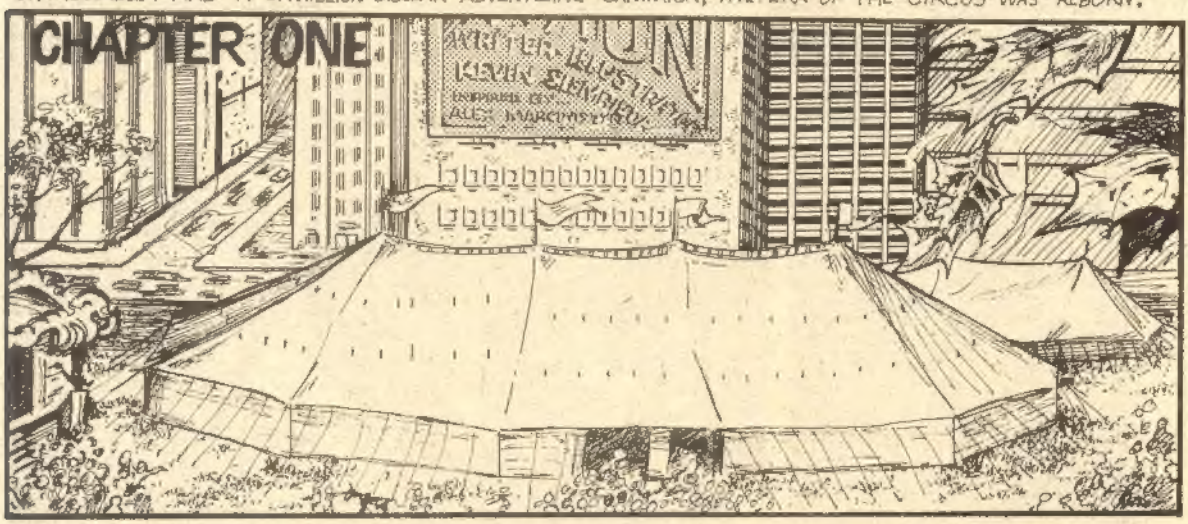
The HARLEQUIN

THE YEAR: 2037. NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED OVER THE DECADES. POLLUTION, PRICES, AND CRIME ARE ALL ON THE RISE. NEW SUPERSTRUCTURES REPLACE THE OLD. NEW YORK IS AN ARCHITECTURAL NIGHTMARE, WITH AN ARRAY OF STRUCTURES SPANNING OVER TWO AND A QUARTER CENTURIES.

IN THIS COMPLEX WORLD THE PEOPLE SEARCHED FOR A RELEASE. TO FORGET THEIR WORRIES. SOMETHING THEY COULD DO; SOMEWHERE THEY COULD GO AFTER THEIR 3½ DAY WORK WEEK AND JUST HAVE FUN. SOME CLEVER CORPORATE EXECUTIVE LOOKED TO THE PAST AND FOUND THE ANSWER. THUS CAPITALIZING ON NOSTALGIA AND A 61 MILLION DOLLAR ADVERTIZING CAMPAIGN, THE ERA OF THE CIRCUS WAS REBORN.



BUT EVEN THE LAUGHTER AND EXCITEMENT OF THE BIG-TOP MUST PAUSE FOR A MOMENTS REST. AN UNCOMMON SERENITY HAS BLANKETED MIDTOWN NEW YORK. MOST PEOPLE HAVE RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT OR SEEK SHELTER FROM THE AUTUMN RAIN. HOWEVER, TWO STRANGERS FIND FRIENDSHIP THIS DARK NIGHT.
VOTE
FOR
ATOR
AAARRROOOOMM!
Yipe!
2.

BRRRREEAGH!!

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED THE MAN, SENATOR. MORGOTH DOESN'T LIKE TO BE USED.
WHAT GOT INTO YOU, huh? NOT CIVIC DUTY. YOU ON SOMEONE ELSE'S PAYROLL? WELL IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER NOW, DOES IT!
YOU'VE A LESSON TO LEARN TONIGHT.
NOBODY CROSSES MORGOTH AND LIVES. NOBODY!!
NOT EVEN A BIG BAD CORRUPT SENATOR LIKE YOU HAS CLOUT!
NO-ONE IS ALLOWED TO DEFY MORGOTH! YOU HERE ME. I...
huh? WHERE THE HELL DID YOU COME FROM? YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED OUT OF THIS, CLOWNY.
4.

GOT NOTHING TO SAY, eh. hmm
WELL BOYS, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ANOTHER NUMBER TO PERFORM... 'CAUSE MR. MORGOTH WON'T APPRECIATE A WITNESS!
MAYBE YOU MAKE US LAUGH AND WE'LL LETCHA LIVE. MAYBE.
NO!
huh?
hey... MY GUN!
NICE TRICK, FUNNY MAN. ANTI-GRAV DISC?
WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE'LL HAVE MORE FUN TAKING YOU APART BY HAND!
DAMN! YOU'RE A... FAST... MOTHER...
5.

OOOOFF!
YIPE
RRRRRRPPP!!!
6

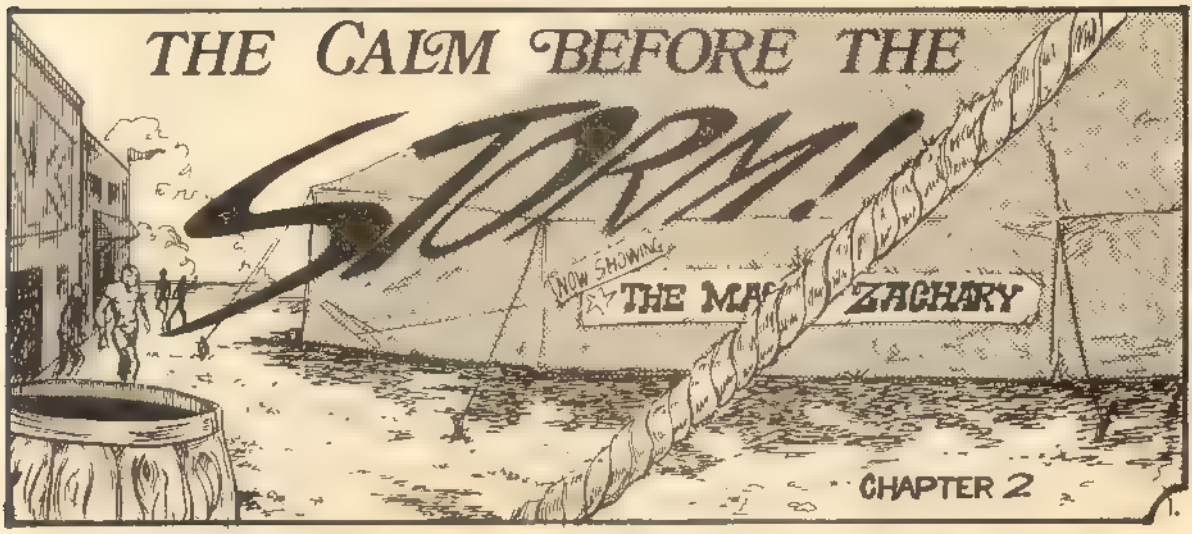
ALL IS STILLED. EVEN THE RAIN HAS CEASED ITS SOFT ATTACK. THE HARLEQUIN MARVELS AT THE EFFECTIVENESS OF HIS MANEUVERS. IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE WAS DESIGNED TO BE A FIGHTING MACHINE...
STRANGE. HE THINKS, THAT HE SHOULD CHOOSE SUCH ODD WORDS... DESIGNED... MACHINE. VERY STRANGE.

Uhhhg.... THANK.... G..GOD YOU CAME WHEN YOU DID... SAVED MY LIFE.!

YOU... YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A... CLOWN ...?

BM28

NOW!
ILLUSIONS BY, KEVIN SEMBIEDA '77
I, THE AMAZING ZACHERY, WILL PERFORM THAT FEAT OF MAGIC WHICH IS SYNANOMOUS WITH MAGICIANS!


THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM!
NOW SHOWING
THE MA ZACHARY
CHAPTER 2

FROM MY HAT I SHALL PRODUCE A FLUFFY, CUTE, COTTON TAILED, LITTLE...
ARRF ARRFF
DOG??
HHRR! MPH!
I'VE SAILED TO MANY O' PORT 'AN' DOT'S DA STRANGEST RAWBIT I EVER SEEN'
HAHA
WHY DON'T YO MAKE AN ELYFANT POP OUTTO YO PANTIES?
Chuckle Snort
AH YES. NOW FOR SOME.. OR SLIGHT OF HAND TRICKERY
WHAT DA MATTER? MAGIC MON LOOOKS NERVIOUS.
MAYBE HE STILL LOOOKING FOR 'IS RAWBIT?
Chuckle
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE
YO GOT 'IM MATEY!
AUNT MAY?
Who What?
OUTTO DA WAY BROADY
Oh!!

. SIR, AND I USE THE TERM LIGHTLY, IF YOU'D EXAMINE THE CARDS!
SHOOTING
SAY! I WONDER WHAT'S IN DA HOT. Oh.. ! BROKE IT!
SQUOOUNCK
On Yan!!
Yeah!
HAHAHAHAHA HOHA HEE HA HO SNICKER HA
'M WARNING YOU! 'M GETTING AWEFULLY MAD! IF YOU NVOKE MY WRATH I'LL ..ok.
COME ON BUB. TRY SUMETIN'...
HEY
Huh?
3.

AH... LET ME DOWN PLEASE!!
KERPLUNK
BRAVO
DID oh WOW
CLAP!
YEAY CLAP!
LATER
NOW ZACHERY, YOU REALLY PUT ON A SHOW TODAY THAT LITTLE TRICK ZOWIE
er I DIDN'T MEAN oh IT WAS NOTHING. Hmmph. NOW, ABOUT THAT DOG OF YOURS! TODAY WAS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK THAT HE'S CAUSED ME TROUBLE. WHY DO YOU EVEN KEEP THAT MONGREL AROUND, huh?
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T BELONG ANYPLACE EITHER AND
BUT YOU BELONG HERE. THE CIRCUS IS HOME
I DON'T UNDERSTAND? DO YOU MEAN YOUR LIFE BEFORE THE CIRCUS? YOU NEVER TALK ABOUT YOUR PAST.
YOU'RE QUITE AN ENIGMA MY FRIEND. LET'S WALK TO YOUR WAGON
YIPE
OOOOOPSSS
bleep!
SEE WHAT I MEAN! ALWAYS UNDER-FOOT, LITERALLY! GOD DAMN MONGREL
SLURP

"HE CAN'T HELP IT, GROUCHY HE LIKES YOU."
"WELL THE FEELING ISN'T MUTUAL!"
"ZACHERY, ARE YOU OKAY?"
"I ONLY BRUISED MY PRIDE... owww AND MY DERRIERE."
"I GUESS LOVE IS PRETTY DISORIENTING WOMEN. THEY BOGGLE THE MIND DISPELL ALL LOGIC SENDS THE STOMACH FLIP FLOPPIN' BUT THATS NO REASON TO AVOID THEM! hmmm BUT THEN AGAIN..."
"WHAT ABOUT YOU JOEY?"
"ME!?!"
"Yeah YOU. SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU?"
"THEY SAID I AM THE BALANCE."
"BALANCE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
"I. I DON'T KNOW"
"WHAT?"
"I DON'T KNOW WHY I SAID THAT. IT... THE WORDS JUST FLEW OUT. LIKE SOME LONG FORGOTTEN MEMORY SUDDENLY SURFACING. THEY SAID I AM THE BALANCE!"
"WHO ARE THEY?"
"I DON'T KNOW"
"YOU MUST HAVE SOME IDEA"
"NO NONE"
"I WON'T PRESS IT. YOU CAN TALK TO ME IF YOU NEED TO. Ah!. BUT ON TO SOME IMPORTANT BUSINESS."
"Oh?"
"WOMEN!"
"WOMEN!?!?!" "YEP!"
"Hhmmmm"
"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING MY LOVELY ASSISTANT, DENA, LATELY? I THOUGHT YOU 2 ... WELL..."
"Yeah, BUT,. ZACH..... I NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE WHEN I'M WITH HER. I JUST ..."
"SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE IN LOVE."
"LOVE."
SNAP!
POP
"SUCH PESSIMISM ABOUT US GALS, DEAR? I'M AMAZED WITH YOUR ATTITUDE."
"HUH? LAURA! MY DARLING, YOU ARE OF-COURSE AN EXCEPTION"
"OF-COURSE."

GOOD OL' ZACHERY HIS PHILOSOPHIES MAY BE OFF-BEAT BUT HE'S ONE HELLUVA GUY!
Wha! OH DEAR
HELLO HANDSOME WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING LATELY?
Ah H Aumm
...I CAN SEE THAT I'M NOT WANTED HERE
NO! IT'S JUST THAT I THINK
FORGET IT JOEY IT'S OVER! WHY ELSE WOULD AVOID ME SHEIN
I LOVE YOU
ENJOY THIS MOMENT OF PEACE WHILE YOU CAN HARLEQUIN
I SENSE WE SHALL CLASH AND WHEN AT THE TIME COMES YOU DIE!
CREATED AND WRITTEN BY KEVIN SIEMBIEDA

NEXT ISSUE .. CHAPTER 3: "SOFT WHISPERS/EVIL DEEDS." PLUS THE RETURN OF OUR LETTERS PAGE (WE RAN OVER THIS ISSUE AND THOUGHT YOU'D RATHER SEE ART RATHER THAN BLOCKS OF PRINT. RIGHT?).

STILL AVAILABLE! **A+PLUS ONE**, OUR PREMIER ISSUE, FEATURING A 2 COLOR COVER BY MIKE NASSER · 68 PAGES B&W! · TALES OF GODS, ALTERNATE REALITIES, AND INSANITY. (UNDERGROUND COMIX IN NATURE!

A+PLUS TWO, 4 COLOR COVER BY ALEX NINO 68 PAGES · WIZARDS LAUGHS OGRES GARGOYLES UFO's · ROBOTS SATIRE! SCIENCE FICTION · FANTASY · SATIRE · AND MORE! ONLY ONE DOLLAR AND 40¢ POSTAGE (1.40) EA. H.

SEND TO MEGATON PUBS · 5492 CASPER · DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48210 C'MON GIVE 'EM A TRY!

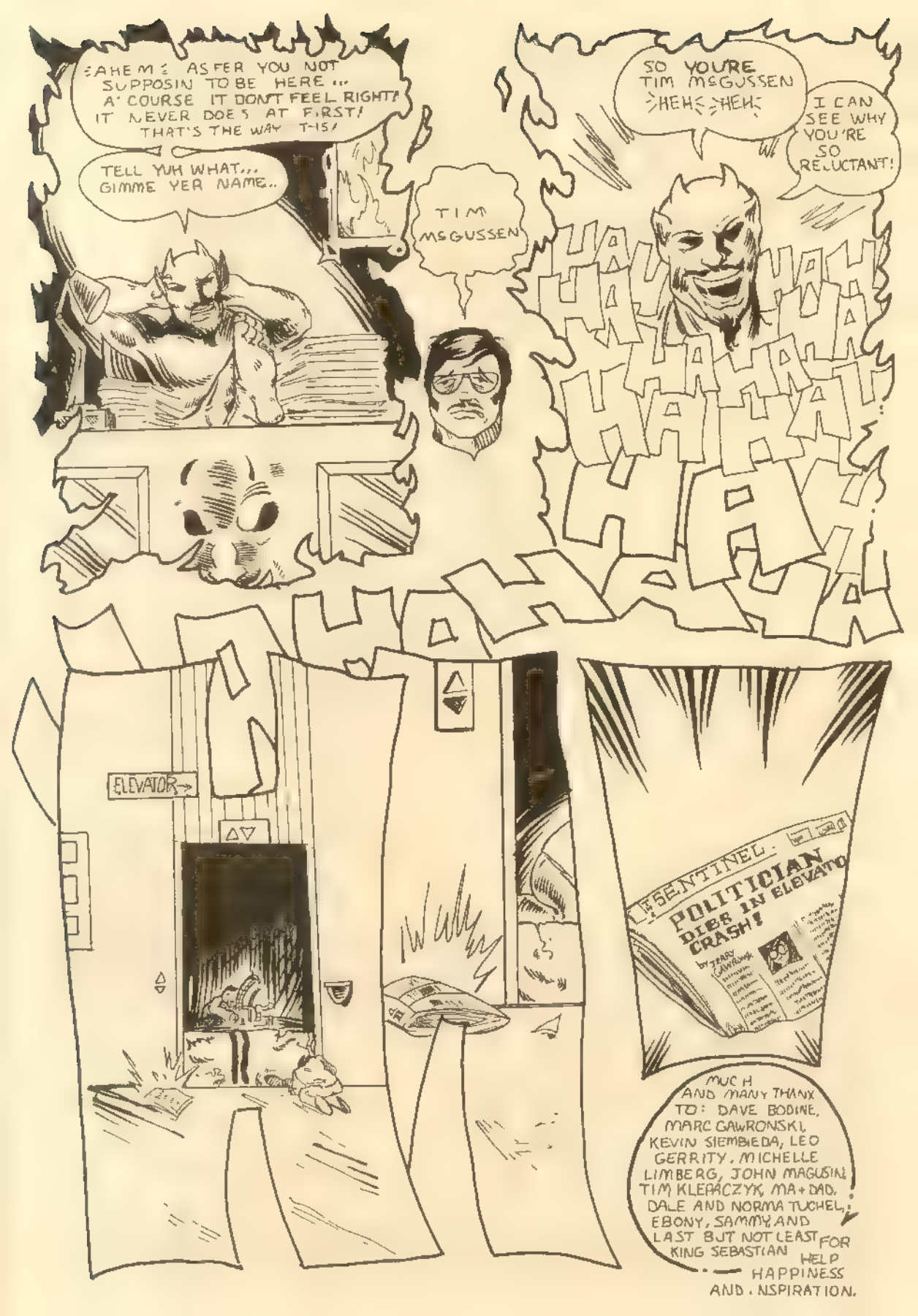
AN ORDINARY ELEVATOR.
GO..NG DO..NN
WE KNOW SOME-TIMES MACHINES MALFUNCTION..
BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
THE MACHINE DID INDEED GO DOWNWARD...
BUT TO HELL?!?
SUDDENLY T.M McGUSSEN FINDS HIS KNEES BUCKLING
HIS STOMACH FEELING LIKE HE JUST SWALLOWED THREE DUSTY RAGS..
AND IN GENERAL GET THE QUEASY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE!
BUT IN HELL IT'S...
BUSINESS AS USUAL
SEARING STORY AND PARCHED PENCILS: JERRY GAWRONSKI
INCINERATING INKS: KEVIN SIEMBIEDA
LETTERING: AL MARUNISZYN
© JERRY GAWRONSKI 1977

AH.. THIS IS SOME KIND A' JOKE RIGHT?
IF IT'S THEN THE JOKE'S ON YOU!
AN' IT AIN'T FUNNY! NOW - GIMME YER LAST NAME FIRST, YER FIRST AST AN' YER MIDDLE IN BETWEEN!
McGUSSEN DAVID TIMOTHY.
UH... JUST TO CLARIFY. WHERE AM I?
HEAVEN I'M GOD.
YER IN HELL! WHERE D'YA THINK!?!
UH, oh.
A BRIEF SWITCH OF ELEVATORS.
I WONDER IF I GET ONE PHONE CALL?
I'M GONNA TAKE YA TO THE FITTING ROOM AN' THEN YOU'LL FILL OUT THE NECESSARY FORMS
FORMS..?
WELL I MAY AS WELL SEE THE SIGHTS
I WONDER WHY THERE'S A WINDOW LIKE THIS IN AN ELEV--
OH MY GOD!
♫YOU'LL PAY FOR THA AA-T♫
HEH HEH HEH..!

LORDY!
WH-WHAT ARE THESE OH. LEVELS WE'RE PASSING THROUGH?
READ THE SIGNS AS WE GO DOWN SIGHS DOUGLAS THE DEMON, AND NOTE HOW EACH LEVEL GETS WORSE AS WE GO DOWN.
THAT'S BECAUSE HELL IS WORSE DEPENDING ON THE INDIVIDUAL. FOR INSTANCE, THE GROUCHES LEVEL IS FAR WORSE THAN THE MURDERER'S LEVEL...
GOT IT?
THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE LEVEL AFTER THIS ONE!
AND THROUGH THE BROAD ELEVATOR WINDOW THEY SEE..
THIS LEVEL
KILLERS WHO SHOOT IN THE BACK, TYRANTS O'ER THE INNOCENT AND HELPLESS, AND COMIC ARTISTS
ONLY THE LOWEST OF THE LOW GO HERE.
AND ON THE LOWEST LEVEL THE SIGN READS
I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK...
TIM THEN FILLS OUT THE PROPER FORMS..
THIS LEVEL IS RESERVED FOR TIMOTHY DAVID McGUSSEN (BOY IS HE GONNA GET IT!
AND ISSUED A DEMON SUIT.
POOL
BAK!

TAKE 'IM AWAY BOYS!
NO! PLEASE... HAVE MERCY!!!
MERCY IN HELL...?
HAHAHAHA HEHEHE HOHOHO HAHAHAH EEEHEEEH
THE DEMONS LAUGH 'TIL THEY CRY IT'S SO FUNNY.
IT DOESN'T DO A THING FOR ME...
SKREEE...?
NO!
I'M NOT JUST ANOTHER PERSON! I DON'T BELONG HERE!
I WANNA SEE YER BOSS! I WANNA SEE THE DEVIL!!!
THEY CRINGE AT HIS NAME...
AND RIGHTFULLY SO, FOR IS NOT HE THEIR MASTER?
NOT... HIM!
HEEEE
GASP!
EERR
OOF!
THEY POINT HIM DOWN AN INKY BLACK CORRIDOR

AND AFTER A TWENTY MINUTE TREK DOWN THAT STYGIAN HALL...
MAYBE I OUGHT TO JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING...
CARDIAC ARREST
THE DEVIL SITS BEHIND THIS HUGE OFFICE DESK PILED HIGH WITH PAPERS FORMS CONTRACTS, ETCETERA. TIM EXPLAINS THAT HE DOESN'T FEEL HE BELONGS HERE AND TELLS THE DEVIL WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR
WHAT?!?
I GOTTA INTERVIEW OUR NEW MAN IN CHARGE OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION, I FINISH ALL THIS PAPER WORK, CLOSE A DEAL ON THIS SOUL I'M BUYING, I LOST MY TEDDY BEAR, AND YOU COME OUT AND CRY ABOUT NOT BELONGING HERE!!!
OOH MY POOR TUM-TUM!
SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH A CHORUS OF ANGELIC VOICES...
PLOP-PLOP-FIZZ FIZZ
PLOP! GURGLE! FIZZZZ
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
@?!☆#$
CUT IT OUT UP THERE!!


AHEM! ASFER YOU NOT SUPPOSIN TO BE HERE... A' COURSE IT DON'T FEEL RIGHT! IT NEVER DOES AT FIRST! THAT'S THE WAY T-15!
TELL YUH WHAT... GIMME YER NAME..
TIM MSGUSSEN
SO YOU'RE TIM MSGUSSEN >HEH< >HEH<
I CAN SEE WHY YOU'RE SO RELUCTANT!
HAHAHAH

Once upon a time

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
MICHAEL KUCHARSKI
WITH INKS BY TERRY AUSTIN

Once a long time ago, an older man took a child bride, and they became King Reality and Queen Vanity. And they lived in the beautiful citadel called Here and Now in the realm of As Things Should Be. All were happy. Yet it came to pass, that sometime after the marrige, that the land was covered with a magic spell, a most powerful spell laid upon it by Time. Soon people and objects began to change and were not as they were. And fearing that she too would change and not be as she was, Queen Vanity fled the citadel and the realm to seek safety in the dark forest of Make Believe where Time's spell could not touch her. There she raised her son, for she had been with child when she had fled. And when he was grown, she gave him a horse, arms, and a quest, which was to seek out Time and destroy him, so that people and objects should never change but remain as they are.

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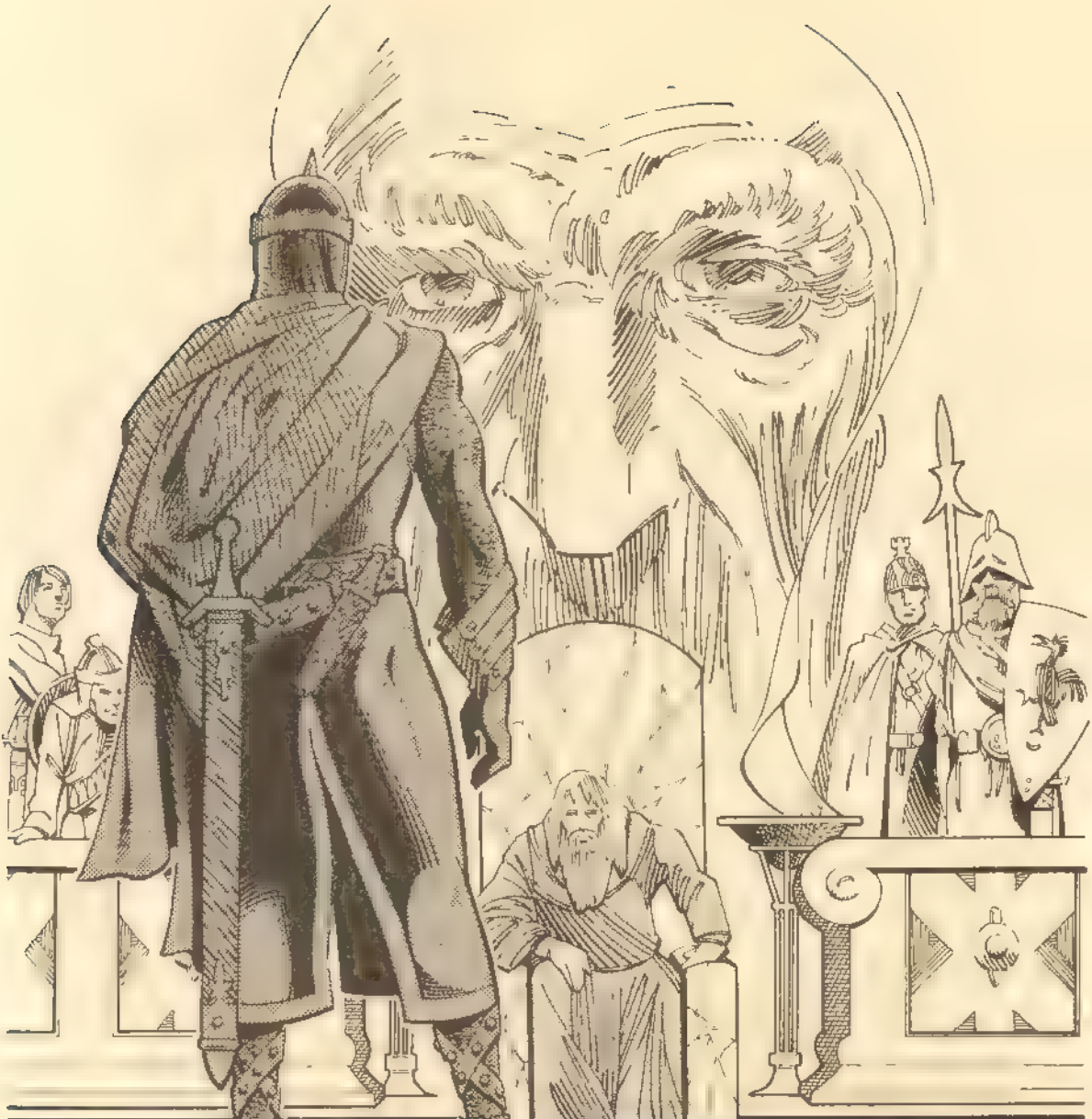
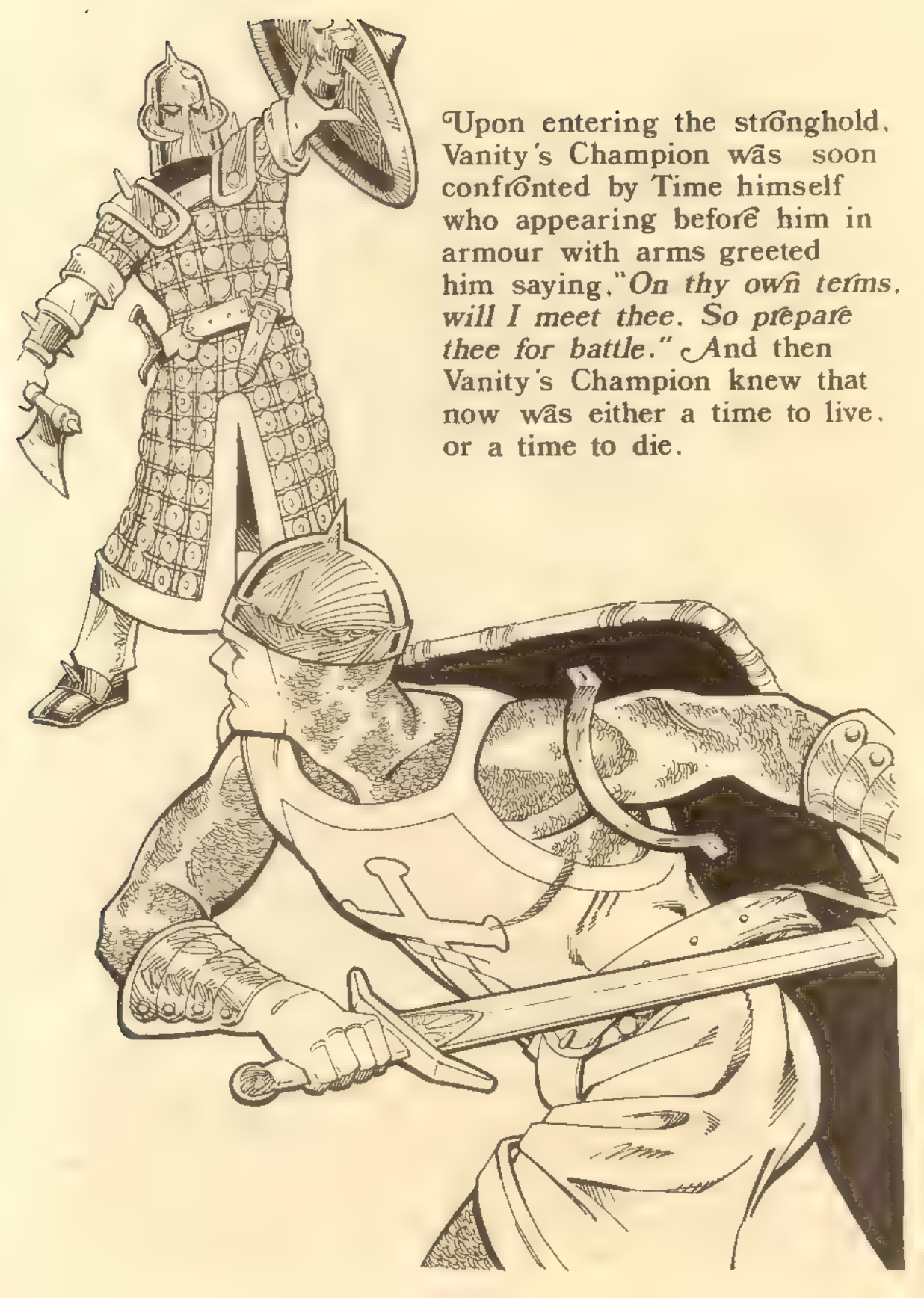


But it is difficult to find Time when you want it, so Vanity's Champion goes where he knows Time has been. To the citadel of 'Here and Now' in the realm now called 'What Will Be' to the court of the king who was now under the influence of Time. There in the court of Reality, he demand to know where he would find Time. And he was answered and told, 'That only in the Desert of Lost Tomorrows does Time stand still'. And so he sought those lands.

So it was that the son of King Reality and Queen Vanity journeyed through many stange lands for many days until he found himself before the Sands of Time which are also called the Desert of Lost Tomorrows. And upon those sands he wandered, until at long last, his efforts to find Time were rewarded, as he found himself before it's stronghold.



Upon entering the stronghold, Vanity's Champion was soon confronted by Time himself who appearing before him in armour with arms greeted him saying, "*On thy own terms, will I meet thee. So prepare thee for battle.*" And then Vanity's Champion knew that now was either a time to live, or a time to die.

With no further spoken words, they had at each other. And whether their combat was lasting seconds, minutes, hours, or an eternity, it matters little for soon Vanity's Champion realizes that he is merely killing time. And pressing his assault until Time fell, he then disgarded his shield and lifted his sword up on high for the final stroke.

And with that *next* stroke of his blade, Time was slain and no one mourned Time's passing as the conqueror stood over the conquered wondering to himself, just how much time it will take to return home, now.

BILL BRYAN
STORAM
© BILL BRYAN 1977
CHAPT. ONE
RED!
FIRE AND BLOOD.
NOW DAT'S FUNNY SEE, 'COS I WOULDA SED ROSES AND SUNSETS...
VARIOUS AND DIFFERING WORDS BEGOGGLING THE MIND
I'M TIRED OF WORD-ASSOCIATION, JAPHETH! GO PLAY WITH YOURSELF. LET ME THINK.
1977
ONE

I TAKE IT YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID, JAPHETH.
S-SURE. SURE, BOSS. I'M SPLITTIN. SEE— SEE YA LATER.
WHY CAN I NOT BE MORE PATIENT WITH THE LAD? I WISH TO BE WHAT I CANNOT. DEMONS BEND MY PERSONALITY TO THEIR WILL. WELL, HELL! I NEED TO OCCUPY MY HYPE.
IF I INDEED HAD TO BE POLITE OR CHARMING OR PLEASANT TO CURL UP AND CROAK, I JUST KNOW IT! IT'S AGAINST MY GRAI—
SQRAWWWWK! SQRAWWWWK! SQREEEEK! SQREEEEAL! SQROARK!
SKAKK!

GREAT INTESTINES! A TORMENTED FLYBAIL! VERY FOOLISH OF THE BATBOT TO LET ME SEE HIM.
GORK!
BURN UP THE SKY, GUTS!
GROORRRG
QUIT THAT DISGUSTING GRUNTING, YOU SMELLY BEAST! I NEVER SHOULDA STOLE YOU FROM GORRAM.
DAMNIT, POTATOE SACK, YOU OVERSHOT! BACK! BACK! I'M GONNA JUNK YA AFTER THIS RUN.
GORN!
GROD-GROK.
YES, THIS IS REALLY, REALLY PAGE THREE.

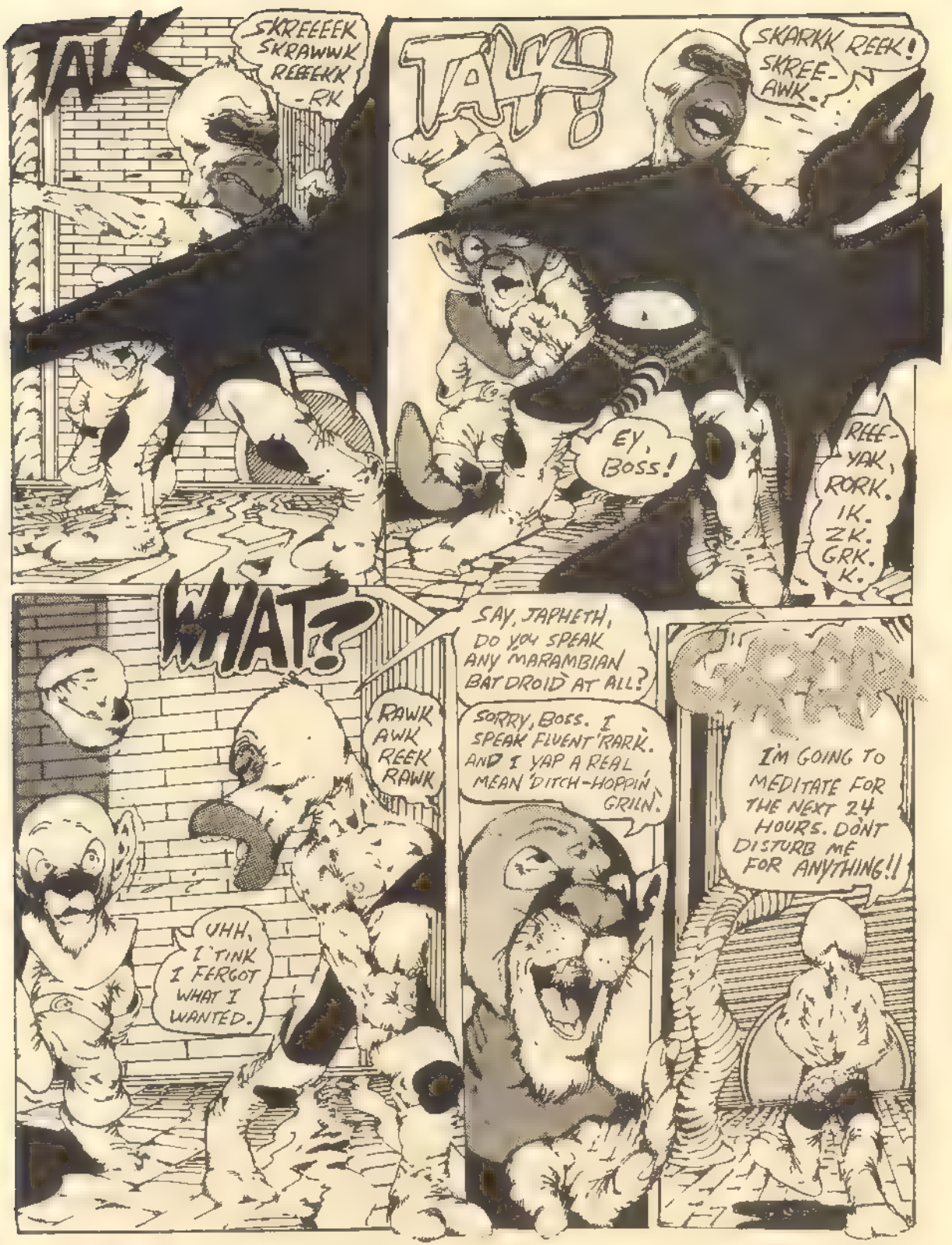
STAAAAAAY WITH IT... STAAAAAAY WITH IT.
GROD ROD?
NOW... READY?
ALLEY....
...YOOP!
SKRAIRRK
GORC.
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
THAT MUST HAVE ANNOYED HIS BLACK LITTLE POSTERIOR!
HE'S SWOOPING FOR US. PERFECT. BEEEYOOTIFUL!
DIVE, STUMP-THUMPER, DIVE DIVE!!!
GROM GROP!!
JUST FOUR YOU.

HO UP NOW!
CAN'T STOP ON A QUARTER CAN YA, BIG EARS?
SKRKK!
STAY WITHAT MOTHER UNTIL HE GETS JUST OVER THAT SLOPE.
STAY OVER HIM, GUTS.
SKRAAAAAAKK!
RAAAAAAKKKK
AAAAAK!
HAH!!
PAGE FIVE

SRARARK
SKAR...
POON
ARK!
PLAM
POOR SIMPLE-MINDED RODENTINE ANDROID. OBVIOUSLY ONE OF SLAVER'S THINGIES. WE'LL WHIP SOME INFORMATION OUT OF YOU, DARK FELLOW.
SIX

DOMINO HALL: A VERY FANCY HANGOUT— DWELLING PLACE OF THE PEACEFUL, SERENE, WISE AND SUAVE LORD DOMINO... NOT MASTER BUT MENTOR TO THE PEOPLE.
AWAY, KOCK!
OH, MASTER GRUM BLUNK! SHALL I ANNOUNCE YOU, SIR?
YIPE!
WHY DOES HE KEEP THOSE STINKING KOCKS AROUND ANYWAY?
GRUM BLUNK DOES NOT NEED TO BE ANNOUNCED. WHERE HE GOES, HE BARGES! HE...
OOPS.
AH, BLUNK! WHAT IS IT OLD LUMP?
OH, I'm ADVISING THESE YOUNG WOMEN ON POSTURES BENEFICIAL TO DEEP BREATHING.
SEVEN

I SAY, MY FELLOW, HOW ARE YOUR SERMONS INSPIRING MY HOUSEGUESTS? I AM GLAD YOU KNOW THAT THAT MARVELOUS OLD CHAPEL IS BEING SOME USE. I'VE LONG FELT A HOLY MAN SHOULD BE OF DEFINITE USE FOR THOSE OF US WHO WOULD INDULGE IN THE WAYS OF FAITH.
OH, COME NOW, DEAR
COME? NOW?!!
TO FEARFULLY HEED THE VENGEFUL WORD OF 'GOHRD' IS EVERY-THINGS GRIM DUTY. TRULY THE ONE AND ONLY SALIVATION OF OUR WRETCHED LIFE. YOU, OF COURSE, SIR, MAY PARTAKE IN ANY LURID OR KINKY SPORT YOUR ECCENTRIK SOUL LUSTS FOR... IT IS YORE PLACE.
REMOVE YOUR POTENTIALLY DISEASE-CARRYING CARCASS FROM MY BLESSED COWL. KOCK.
SQUEAK!
SIR, I HAVE COME TO SPEAK AGAIN OF THAT VENOM-FILLED DEMON.. SLAVER
HE MUST BE DEALT WITH QUICKLY ... VIOLENTLY! HIS UNGOHRDLY RAG-TAGS ARE DISMEMBERRING OUR UNIQUE SOCIETY.
TEACH US SOME STUFF WITH FOOD NEXT, MILORD.
PURRR.
A MAN OF THE CLOTH WITH AGGRESIVE INCLINATIONS. ISN'T RELIGION SUPPOSED TO RELAX THE SPIRIT? CAN'T WE BE MORE PASSIVE ABOUT THIS, GRUM?
TIMES ARE MORE DISPICABLY DESPERATE THAN YOU IMAGINE, ME GOOD LORD DOMINO. THIS CREEP IS PLANNING TO OVERTHROW YOU! TAKE OVER YOUR POSITION AND USE IT NOT ONLY FOR PLEASURES AND CARNAL CORRUPTION BUT DESTRUCTION!
HAH. I SAY. HAH AND HAH!
MY BLESSING IS MY MAGNETISM. MY FORTUNE IS MY FRIENDS. MY POSITION IS THAT OF A POET, A PHILOSOPHER, A PSYCHIATRIST AND A KEEPER OF THE POOR. NOW WHAT SHALL I HAVE TO FEAR FROM A DIM-WITTED, DROOLING, IMPETUOUS, ANGER-CRAZED LUMP OF WASTE MATERIAL? I ASK YOU, GRUM.
SUCH, GOIN-ONS.
MY BUT LUST IS ENJOYABLE.
HE COULD ENTRAP YOUR PEOPLE! ENSLAVE THEM! YOU MUST SEND OUT MINIONS!
ATE OR EIGHT IF YOU PLEASE.


TALK
SKREEEEK SKRAWWK REEEKK -RK
TALK!
SKARKK REEK! SKREE-AWK.
EY, BOSS!
REEE-YAK, RORK. IK. ZK. GRK. K.
WHAT?
RAWK AWK REEK RAWK
UHH, I TINK I FERGOT WHAT I WANTED.
SAY, JAPHETH, DO YOU SPEAK ANY MARAMBIAN BAT DROID AT ALL?
SORRY, BOSS. I SPEAK FLUENT 'RARK. AND I YAP A REAL MEAN 'DITCH-HOPPIN' GRILN.
I'M GOING TO MEDITATE FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS. DON'T DISTURB ME FOR ANYTHING!!

AWWWW, SUFFERIN RIM RUNKS.
NOW I KNOW WHAT I WANTED TO TELL ROBERT. STELLA WANTED TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.
HEY BOSS, WHEN DOES THAT 24 HOURS START?!
HO-KAY.
WELL, MAYBE HELL TRANSCEND TO A SEMI-SUPER-CONSCIENCE LEVEL AND LEARN HOW TO SING WITH VIBRATTO.
NYAHHHH YA DOITY, LOUSY... IT'S ALL YER FAULT!
SKARK SKARR RAK!
AAAAHHHHHH SHYYYYYALDAP!
RIK!
TINK!
GULP! S SLAVER - SLAVERS ADDRESS.
MY NAME IS... MY SKYGRAL ADDRESS ON BACK
SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO SUMPTIN ABOUT DAT RAT.
AN' IT MIGHT AS WELL BE DIS RAT.
AND
DIFFERING WORDS FOR BEGOGGLING THE MIND

SO IF I CAN'T FIND HIM...
...AT LEAST I'LL HAVE SOMETHIN TO READ.
BY THE EXTREMETIES OF MY UNHOLY MASTERS, IT HAS BEEN DONE.
AND NOW... SHALL WE JOIN THE OMINOUS AND STEALTHY BUG BOY ON A VIOLENTLY VENGEFUL MISSION IN TRAM VOM FLIMP?
THIS UNDESERVING SUB-HUMANOID REBEL-RABBLE HAS AT LONG LAST BEEN THOROUGHLY PUNISHED. THEIR NO-LONGER ACCEPTABLE AND IMPERFECT WAYS HAVE BEEN THEIR OWN DEFEAT AND NOW 'TIS I, CUTE LITTLE BUG BOY WHO STANDS ALONE AMONG THEIR DEFEAT AND MY SUCCESS.... WHAT HO?!!
WHAT IS THAT INFERNAL POINGING I AM PERCIEVING?
POING POING POING
POING
POING POING POING

IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM BEHIND ME! I MUST...
POING
HE HE HE HE HE
POOF
UNGGGGG!! I WISH BUG GIRL WERE HERE.
BACK TO MARAMOTH ... A LIKELY PLACE FOR SYNTHETIC GIRL SQUIRRELS.
HEY-HEY-HEY, RALPHY-BOY! NORTON, GIDDOUTTA HEAH!!
NUTS! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT IN THE WHOLE COMPLEX TO ANNOY.
TIK!
CLIK SQREEEAK (CHK) CLICK
HMMM... FASCINATING. HE, HEH.
AN ANDROID SQUIRREL GIRL WOULD BE OKAY.
GUESS I'LL JUST KEEP HOPPIN' 'TILL I FIND SOME MORE PEOPLE... OR A FEMALE ROBOT RABBIT. HE-HE-HE-
POING
LORD DOMINO!

YES, my LITTLE KOCKY-POO.
MISS STELLA IS HERE TO SEE YOU, MILORD.
PLEASE, I'm NOT YOUR LORD. I AM YOU AND YOU ARE ME.
SURE.
I... GUESS SO. UHHH...
STELLA, MY CHILD!
NOW WHY DO I SENSE SADNESS EVEN FROM THAT PLEASANT FACE? SHALL I HYPNOTIZE THE EVILS OUT OF YOU?
NO FRIEND, my FRUSTRATION WON'T BE OBLITERATED THAT WAY.
AHHH, THERE ARE TOO MANY CREATURES OF EVIL HERE WHO WOULD PLAY THE GAMES OF BATTLE FOR HIM TO PICK THE DAISIES, I SUPPOSE. I DON'T AGREE WITH HIS ATTITUDE BUT I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING HIS DIRECT APPROACH.
IT'S ROBERT. HE STILL DOESN'T ANSWER my COMMUNICATION ATTEMPTS. WHY CAN HE LOVE NOTHING BUT VIOLENT ACTION?
WELL, THAT'S NOT WHY I CAME HERE, ANYWAY. THAT NEW PREACHER. HE... WE... HE'S...
A POMPOUS, PIOUS BORE? YES BUT...
NO, THAT'S NOT IT! HE'S A ... A LIMB OF.... OF....

GGORAM!
HOLY JEESOOP, SHE KNOWS. BUT HOW?
INDEED? GGORAM? HMMMM - PERHAPS WE'D BEST MAKE STRONGER EFFORTS TO CONTACT YOUR STORMRAM, EH?
I MUST INFORM GGORAM AT ONCE. OR MAY-BE AT TWICE.
FROM HIS DARK, SLIMEY HOLE HE COMES, INFECTING EVERY INCH OF LAND HE TOUCHES ON HIS OUTRAGEOUS QUEST TO MAKE A GRAVEYARD OF MARAMBIA.... THE ESSENCE OF PAIN....THE FACE OF DESTRUCTION....CRAWP WRENCHER.
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA WHOOOOZ BLUDD GUSHES TODAY, GALLUMP?
RUGG?
MK!

RUGG?
GRRGGG...
PHOOD.
HEY DERK! YA FIGGER THU BAT-DROID WEAKENED STORMRAM `NUFF TA TACKLE `IM?
-FIE KNOW STORMRAM DAT BAT-DROID WUZ A SNACK.
IT DÒNT MATTER WEDDER `ER NOT HE FELL FER TH' BAT-DROID TRAP... IF SLAVER AN' `IZ BOYS CAN'T SQUISH DAT BLACK-EYED LITTLE TWOIP, WE DÒNT DEZOIV TUH BE ALIVE!

WELL I WASN'T REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO BEIN A HERO TYPE ANYW-
CORR. ORD ROP.
GREAT JACAMAR, THERE HE IS.... ON THE BRIDGE! SLAVER!
GROOORG!
OOOF!
FLOP!
H-HEY!
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
AHHHH, STORMRAMS ERRAND BOY.
FIRST YOU...
THEN YER BOSS!

WUDDA-YA GOTTA SAY BUH-FOR YA DIE, CRAT?
WELL, ACTUALLY I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE HERE A COLLECTION OF AMAZEAFYIN WORDS WHICH IF THEY DONT FLIP YA BACK THEY'LL AT LEAST BE SEMI-INTRIGUING.. KINDA... ALMOST...
EVER EXPANDING VARIOUS AND DITHERING WORDS FOR BEGGOGLING THE MIND (MORROCCO BOUND)
...I HOPE.
FOR THOSE OF YOU UNENLIGHTENED FOLKS WHO DONT REALIZE.... A CRAT IS A CROSS BETWEEN A CAT AND A RAT, OF COURSE.
SUCH AS: SUPERLAMIFLUISION.
SAY WHA...?
MAGNARASIMULTIFORUS.

GROPNICLASTIOUS GAPHTANINNIDIUM.
HEY, WASSAT MEAN?
HYPER-PARANOOCLEISTIC GOOPHERSTITION
TERMINAL GNOP AND ZINKYLYCANTHROPY.
Y-YER BREAKIN MY MIND!
AAAAHHHHHGGGGK!
ANTICONGEVERZMIZMARISING
S-SAY CRAT, UHHH-YOU THINK YER BOSS CAN USE A COUPLE-A PARTNERS? HUH?
NOT PARTNERS... MAYBE STOOGES.
WELL RIDE BACK ON YER BEASTS... (SINCE THE STUMP-THUMPER TOOK OFF) YOU GUYS CAN COME IN HANDY IN CASE GGORAM GETS TOO OUTRAGEOUS. BUT WATCH YER STEP. I GOT A LOT MORE WORDS!

OMMMMMA
ROBERT STORMRAMS FIRST NAME DEVISED BY PAUL KANE
IF THERE IS AN A+PLUS NUMBER FOUR YOU AND I MAY FIND OUT WHAT GGORAM IS.
RABBIT ROBOT DESIGNED BY KEVIN SIEMBIEDA ...ROBOT RABBIT?

PARAPHERNALIA....

JUST ANOTHER WAR

ONCE AGAIN WE JOURNEY TO THE FAR OFF PLANET COK-NOK-ER, ... NOT TO VIEW IT'S INHABITANTS, BUT INSTEAD THOSE OF THE PLANET'S LARGEST MOON, URAN.

THE INHABITANTS ARE NOT UNLIKE THOSE OF ANY OTHER PLANET, EXCEPT HAVING PARTAKEN IN 647 WORLD WARS IN A ONE HUNDRED YEAR PERIOD, THEY SEEM BENT UPON THEIR OWN ANNIHILATION!

STORY–ART
BRIAN SIEMBIEDA
INKS–LETTERS
KEVIN SIEMBIEDA

TOTAL OBLIVION STARING THEM IN THE FACE THE CITIZENS REMAIN UNDAUNTED AND IN THE GRAND OLD TRADITION OF GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP LEAP HEAD LONG INTO STILL..., ANOTHER WAR.

TIME AND TIME AGAIN THE WARRING FACTIONS CLASH IN SEEMINGLY UNENDING BATTLES THAT HAVE LEFT THE PLANET AN ALL-BUT-DEAD HUSK.

THE WAR IS BEING FOUGHT BETWEEN THREE MAJOR FACTIONS. FIRST IS THE TOTALLY "INSANE" LAST MAN, THE SOLE HUMAN SURVIVOR OF THE HUMAN–ELF WARS WHO, WITH THE AID OF HIS ONLY FRIEND, A RENEGADE ELF, MANIPULATES HIS VAST ROBOT ARMY FROM DEEP INSIDE HIS ULTRA MODERN NUCLEAR BOMB SHELTER. NEXT IS THE ELVES, THE NEAR WINNERS OF THE HUMAN–ELF WARS WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS TO WIPE OUT THE LAST MAN. LASTLY ARE THE DULL-WITTED "MUTATED" OFF SPRING OF ELF/HUMAN, MAKING A COMFORTABLE WARRING THREESOME

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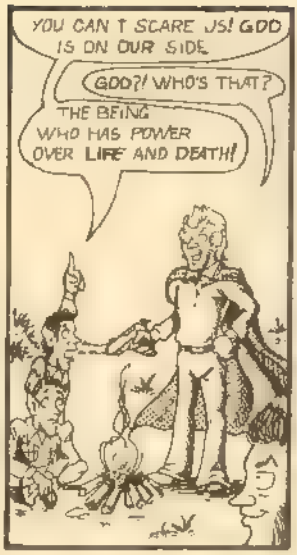
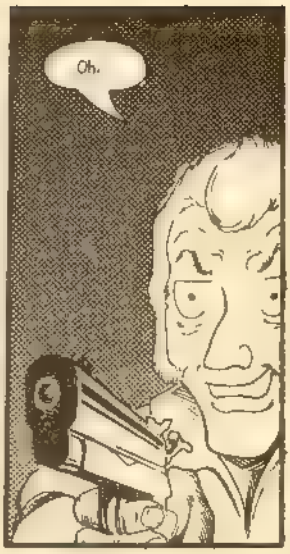
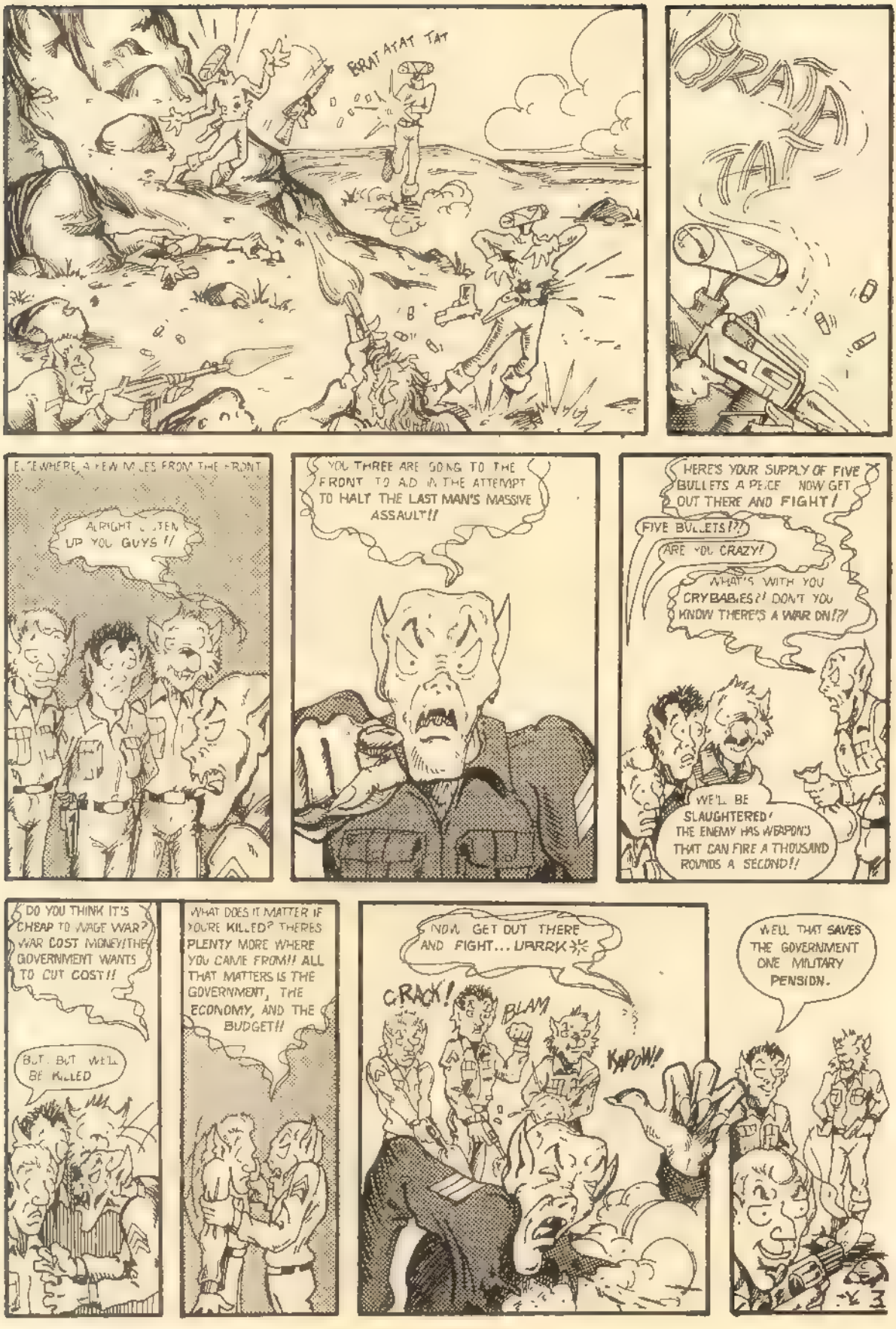
IT IS DAWN, A NEW DAY. BUT THE SUN DOES NOT RISE OVER GENTLY SWAYING TREES NOR BLUE FLOWING SEA. INSTEAD IT RISES ABOVE THE INDESTRUCTABLE, IMPREGNABLE FORTESS OF THE LAST MAN, THE ONLY STANDING TESTIMONY TO THE GREATNESS AND TECHNOLOGICAL SUPERIORITY THAT WAS MANS. A CONCRETE AND STEEL SENTINEL BROODING OVER A SCARRED RAPED LANDSCAPE.

"WELL, WELL, RENAGADE OLD BOY IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND A COUPLE UNDESIRABLES IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD."





ENOUGH OF THESE FUN AND GAMES, LAST MAN! WHY DO WE HAVE TO FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT? WHY CAN'T WE JUST SIT BACK AND RELAX IN THE COMFORT OF OUR FORT-RESS AND LET THE ELVES AND MUTANTS WIPE THEMSELVES OUT!?!


BRAT A TAT TAT
BRAT A TAT TAT
ELSEWHERE, A FEW MILES FROM THE FRONT
ALRIGHT LISTEN UP YOU GUYS!!
YOU THREE ARE GOING TO THE FRONT TO AID IN THE ATTEMPT TO HALT THE LAST MAN'S MASSIVE ASSAULT!!
HERE'S YOUR SUPPLY OF FIVE BULLETS A PIECE NOW GET OUT THERE AND FIGHT!
FIVE BULLETS!?!
ARE YOU CRAZY!
WHAT'S WITH YOU CRYBABIES?! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON!?!
WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED! THE ENEMY HAS WEAPONS THAT CAN FIRE A THOUSAND ROUNDS A SECOND!!
DO YOU THINK IT'S CHEAP TO WAGE WAR? WAR COST MONEY! THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO CUT COST!!
BUT, BUT WE'LL BE KILLED
WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF YOU'RE KILLED? THERES PLENTY MORE WHERE YOU CAME FROM!! ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE GOVERNMENT, THE ECONOMY, AND THE BUDGET!!
NOW GET OUT THERE AND FIGHT... UURRK
CRACK!
BLAM
KAPOW!
WELL THAT SAVES THE GOVERNMENT ONE MILITARY PENSION.

PRIVATE PEAPOD AS YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN THIS MISSION BECAUSE YOU ONLY GREW 18 INCHES RATHER THAN THE AVERAGE 3 TO 4 FEET TYPICAL TO ELVES.
YESSIR GENERAL.
IT IS FOR THAT REASON I FEEL THAT YOU ARE BEST SUITED TO PENETRATE ENEMY LINES UNNOTICED AND ASSASSINATE THE LAST MAN!
SHORELY...
I'M WELL BEHIND ENEMY LINES. NOW TO FIND MY TARGET.
WHY THERE'S THE FIEND NOW, TALKING TO ONE OF HIS HIS CONTRAPTIONS.
YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TRAVELING SALESMAN AND THE POPES DAUGHTER?
Cheep?
DIE! YOU MURDERING MONSTER!!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
ARgghh
NOW TO MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE!
BLAM
zzzzlipp!...
BLAM
WELL SIR AS YOU PROBABLY ALREADY KNOW FROM OUR SPIES, I HAVE SUCCESSFULLY SHOT THE LAST MAN.
YES AND I'M SURE IT'LL BE A KNEE WOUND HE'LL LONG REMEMBER.
KNEE WOUND? Gulp. er.. Uh.. I GUESS I DID AIM A MITE LOW CONSIDERING HE'S 4 FOOT 4 INCHES TALL.
WHAT'S THE MATTER LAST MAN? YOU KINDA LOOK LIKE YOU'RE IN SHOCK.
WELL I AM... THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN ESCAPE BY SCURRYING DOWN A RABBIT HOLE.
4.

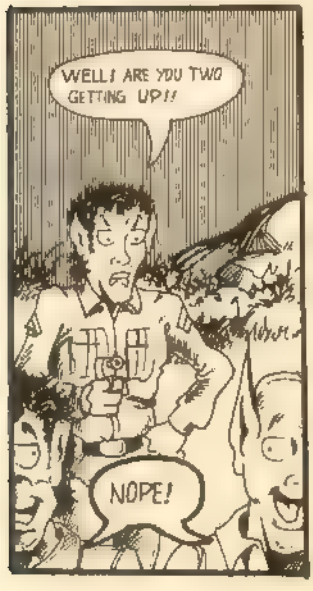
I'M SICK OF BEING BOSSED AROUND AND TOLD WHAT TO DO!!
YEAH sigh ME TOO

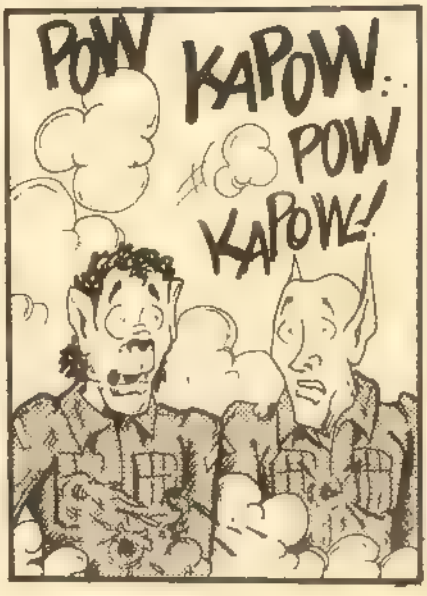
SAY, WHY DON'T WE STAND UP FOR OUR RIGHTS AND NEVER TAKE AN ORDER AGAIN NO MATTER WHO IT IS OR WHAT RANK HE HAS.
GREAT IDEA; LET'S DO IT!

ALRIGHT YOU TWO, WE'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU SO DON'T TRY ANY-THING. YOU'RE MY PRISONERS NOW GET UP!!
DON'T WANNA!
NO!

WHAT?!! LOOK HERE YOU MENTAL MIDGETS! YOU'RE MY PRISONERS AND YOU'RE COMING WITH ME WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT YA STUPID MUTANTS!
SORRY BUT I WON'T, I GOT RIGHTS YA KNOW!
YEAH ME TOO

LOOK!! IF YOU IDIOTS DON'T SHUT-UP AND COME WITH ME PEACEFULLY I'LL SHOOT YOU BOTH WHERE YOU STAND!!
BOY! HE'S SURE GETTING MAD.
YEAH Ha ha hee


WELL! ARE YOU TWO GETTING UP!!
NOPE!

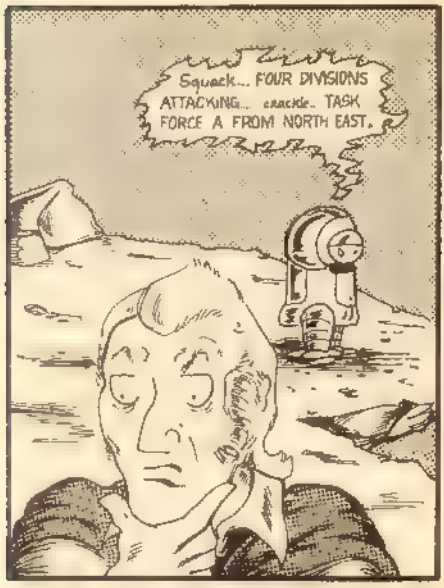

POW
KAPOW
POW
KAPOW!

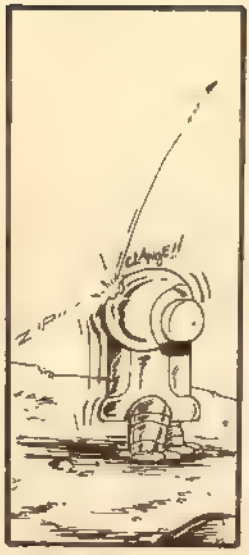
DON'T YOU JUST HATE PEOPLE WHO CAN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER?! Gasp..
YEAH, wheeze

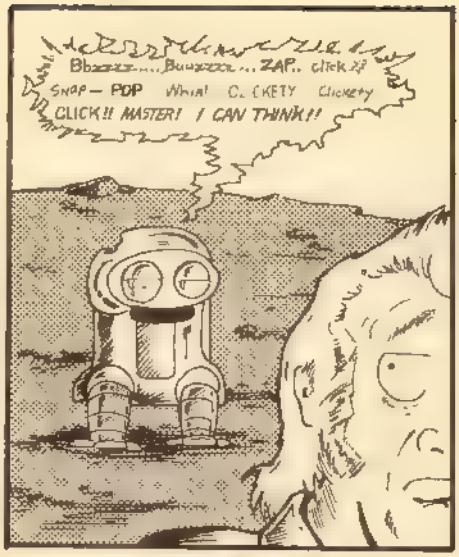
FREEZE! LAST MAN!! WE GOT THE DROP ON YOU!!.
DAMMIT!
BRATATATAT!!
WELL, LAST MAN YOU ARE ABOUT TO GO THE WAY OF THE DINOSAUR!
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE CAUGHT YOU AWAY FROM YOUR FORTRESS! ANYWAYS, YOU BETTER TAKE A LAST LOOK AROUND.
HUH?
LUKE WAIT! STOP! DON'T SHOOT HIM! HE'S ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST!
YOU MEAN HE QUALIFIED TO BE CONSIDERED AN ENDANGERED SPECIES?
YOU KIDDING? HE'S ON THE TOP OF THE LIST!
LISTEN. TO PREVENT THE FURTHER DESTRUCTION OF DISAPEARING SPECIES DUE TO THE TO THE RAVAGES OF WAR, SEVERE PENALTIES HAVE BEEN CREATED. ANYONE HARMING OR KILLING A CREATURE ON THIS LIST WILL RECEIVE A MINIMUM PENALTY OF... 10,000 DOLLARS FINE AND 20 YEARS HARD LABOR!
THANK YOU AUDUBON SOCIETY!
6.

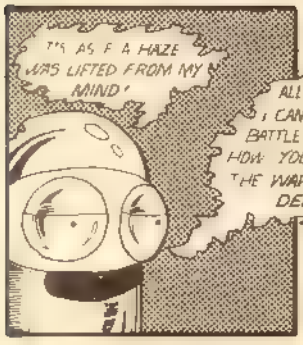
BOY! DO HATE THESE BORDER PATROLS
YEAH THERE SO BORING Junak!!
BLAM
YIKES! A SNIPER! IF I CAN JUST GET TO THOSE ROCKS MAYBE I CAN NAIL THE BUM.
MY GOD! I'M DIRECTLY BELOW THE THE CLIFF HE'S FIRING FROM
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO EMPTY MY CLIP AT HIM AND HOPE A SLUG NAILS HIM!
YEEE ISH!
FOR EVERY ACTION THERE IS AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE REACTION

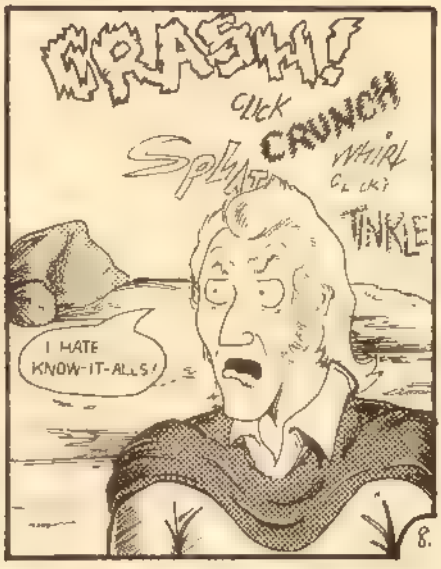
'TIS A COOL MIDMORNING. THE BIRDS ARE SINGING, THE CLOADS FLOAT LAZ LY THROUGH THE SKY, AND, AS ON MOST MORNINGS, THE LAST MAN LOOKS OVER YET ANOTHER BATTLE WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A SMALL ROBOT SPOTTER. HE IS ABLE TO, IN EFFECT, OVER-LOOK TWO BATTLES AT ONCE. THUSLY, HE CAN BETTER FORMULATE HIS BATTLE STRATEGY!











NOW, IF WE ATTACK POINT A AT LATITUDE G WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO WIPE OUT THE ELVES AND MUTANTS WHILE THEY'RE BUSY FIGHTING EACH OTHER
BRING BRING
HEY THE PHONES RINGIN'
HEY LAST MAN! IT'S A CALL FROM THE ELF LEADERS! IT SEEMS SOME ALIENS FROM A DISTANT GALAXY HAVE LANDED AND CLAIM TO HAVE A SYSTEM TO END OUR CONSTANT WARFARE SO THE ELF AND MUTANT LEADERS WANT YOU TO MEET WITH THEM
SURE COULD USE A LAUGH!
WHY IF IT ISN'T THE ELF GENERALS MUCHA DUM AND MUTANT GEN GROSE-OUT OH AND STU PED. HAVEN'T SEEN YOU GUYS SINCE THE ELF MUTANT PEACE TALKS
YEAH LUCKY WE SAW YOU FIRST AND HIT THE DIRT!
ENOUGH OF THESE BANALITIES! WE'VE COME TO OFFER YOUR PLANET UTOPIA NOT LISTEN TO PETTY ARGUMENTS!
YECH HE COULD USE A DIET.
MY ASSOCIATE AND I CAME TO BRING YOU NOT ONLY PEACE BUT TO ALSO GIVE YOU ALL A COMMON GOAL. A UNIVERSALLY BINDING GOAL THAT WILL UNITE AND CONSOLIDATE YOUR PEOPLES! THIS GOAL IS TO MAKE ALL PEOPLE TOTALLY EQUAL SO THAT NO ONE NEED COVET ANOTHERS GOODS BECUASE THEY HAVE ALL THEY NEED! ALL WE NEED IS TEMPORARY GOVERNMENT CONTROL!
WOW! THAT SOUNDS COSMIC! I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT ELVES SHALL DO THEIR PART.
MUTANTS TOO?
SAY'T IT TIME FOR LUNCH?
SUPPOSE I AGREE TOO... GRUMBLE GRIPE GRUMBLE
PEACE BAH HUMBUG!
EXCELLENT. NOW THE REASON THERE'S POVERTY IS BECAUSE OF THE VERY RICH AND TO FEW JOBS FOR INSTANCE YOUR UNDERGROUND FORTRESS IS TO EXTRAVAGANT FOR ONE MAN WHY A 100 FAMILIES WILL SOON BE ABLE TO DWELL IN IT COMFORTABLY ALSO YOUR ROBOTS WILL HAVE TO BE SCRAPPED IN ORDER TO BRING JOBS INTO THE LABOR FORCE. THIS IS JUST THE FIRST STEP IN MAKING YOU EQUAL. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A JOB. OF COURSE
GULP!
I DO BELIEVE I'VE CHANGED MY MIND
CHUCKLE
AS FOR THE MUTANTS AND ELVES THERE'S JUST FAR TOO MANY FOR THIS PLANETS AGRICULTRAL ABILITY TO KEEP UP WITH. SO WE OFFER THIS SOLUTION. WE'LL IMMEDIATELY START MASS CASTRATION CLINICS TO PREVENT FURTHER OVER POPULATION THE ARMIES WILL ALSO HAVE TO BECOME FARMERS IF THEY WANT TO EAT
WELL GENTLEMEN? WHEN DO YOU THINK WE CAN START?
MY FRIENDS MY PLAN IS TO GET THEIR SPACESHIP ON AUTO-PILOT AND SEND THEM A RATHER MESSY NUCLEAR WEAPON I HAVE THAT'LL BLOW ALL THOSE DEGENERATES TO KINGDOM COME!
WELL AT LEAST WE HAVE HIM A COMMON GOAL
FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THE UNIVERSE!!
HALELUJAYAH!
WE MUST DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF SUCH A SICK DISEASE!
FIN!

BASED ON CONCEPTS CREATED BY JAMES [illegible] AMBROSE :

VAUDEVIL*

ARTWORK : JAMES [illegible] AMBROSE

VAUDEVIL : THE PLANET IN THE NEXT STAGE OF EXISTENCE AFTER THE EARTH. WHAT TYPE OF PLACE IS VAUDEVIL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE...

VAUDEVIL : ALSO THE NAME OF THE CHIEF GOVERNMENTAL CITY WHICH HAS RULED FOR EONS [illegible] HAS NEVER BEEN [illegible]

YOU MUST **SUMMON** THE ONE OF EARTH KNOWN AS REUBEN SANDWICH TO [illegible] **DIMENSION**, TO [illegible] OUR EFFORT TO **FOIL** THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK TO **DESTROY**. [illegible]

[illegible] BEEN SUMMONED [illegible] AT [illegible]

GULP

SEE THE CHOSEN ONE NOW ! PREPARE TO **DESCEND !!**

[illegible] MOMENTS, REUBEN WILL BECOME A PAWN IN A WAR BETWEEN TWO [illegible] THAT WILL AFFECT [illegible]

* PRONOUNCED (VAU-DA-VILLE)

©

BLISTERING KUMQUATS!!
GROTESQUE
YOU'LL BE ATTENDED TO SHORTLY!!
JESUS!! WHAT ELSE COULD HAPPEN?!!

СЕСТРИЦЫ
3

REUBEN IS LED TO THE LAIR OF THEIR GREAT LEADER, AMTRA WHERE HE RESIDES WITHIN THE STONE WALLS OF WAHALLA

ALL CHALLENGERS MUST JOIN AND WIN THE GAMES OF VALOR, OR LEAVE HERE UNSCATHED!!

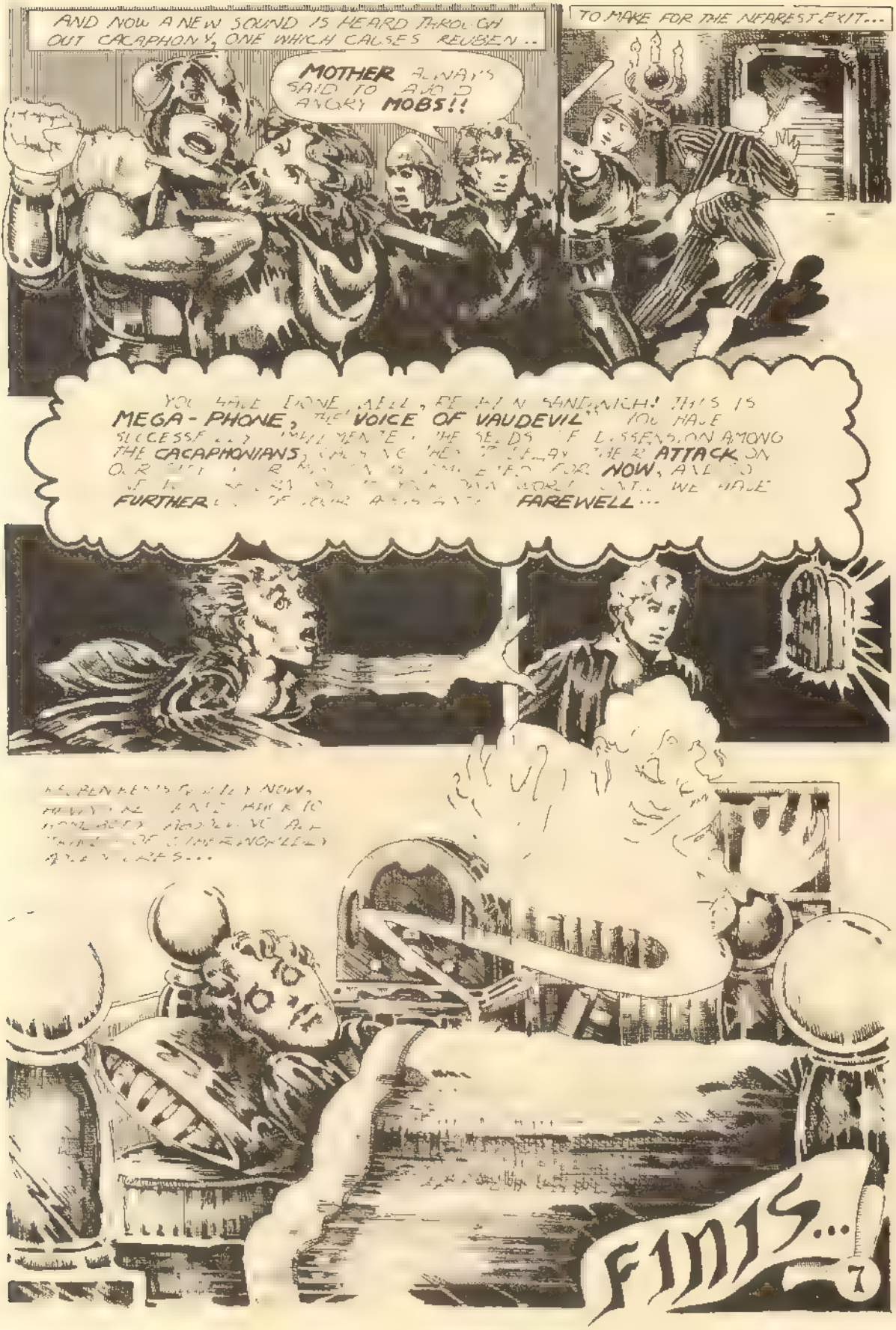
AS THE MUSIC BECOMES THE PARTICIPANT HAS 30 SECONDS TO CROSS THE MOVING FLOOR, WITHIN THE ALOTTED TIME A TRAP DOOR OPENS, IF HE HAS NOT REACHED THE OTHER SIDE

THAT'S OKAY!! FAT

AS THE SECONDS QUICKLY PASS

SUDDENLY..
OBVIOUSLY! EXCERPTS FROM THE FAMOUS BATTLE HYMNS OF THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC!!
THE NOMADIC PEOPLE OF CACAPHONY ARE INTENSE BARBARIC LOVERS OF GAMES AND REVELRY, AND TAKE READILY TO CELEBRATION...
BUT AMTRAC HAS DIFFERENT IDEAS
I THINK THAT PERHAPS I SHALL ELIMINATE THE ANSWER AND WAY TO REINFORCE THE FEAR OF MY RULE IN THESE RESTLESS PEOPLE!!
WAIT! STOP ALL THIS NONSENSE!! GUARDS, KILL THE INTRUDER IMMEDIATELY! WE HAVE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE ON GAMES WE MUST PREPARE TO ATTACK THE CITY OF VAUDEVIL TOMORROW!
5

THE GREAT AMTRAC HAS SPOKEN UNJUSTLY! HOW CAN THE PEOPLE TRUST
FLAGRANTLY!!
KILL!
UHHG!


AND NOW A NEW SOUND IS HEARD THROUGH OUT CACAPHONY, ONE WHICH CAUSES REUBEN..
MOTHER ALWAYS SAID TO AVOID ANGRY MOBS!!
TO MAKE FOR THE NEAREST EXIT...
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, DEAN SANDWICH! THIS IS MEGA-PHONE, THE VOICE OF VAUDEVIL! YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY INCITED THE SEEDS OF DISSENSION AMONG THE CACAPHONIANS, WHO WILL NOW ATTACK ONE ANOTHER! OUR CITY IS SAVED FOR NOW, AND SO IS OUR WORLD! UNTIL WE HAVE FURTHER USE OF YOUR SERVICES... FAREWELL...
FINIS...
7

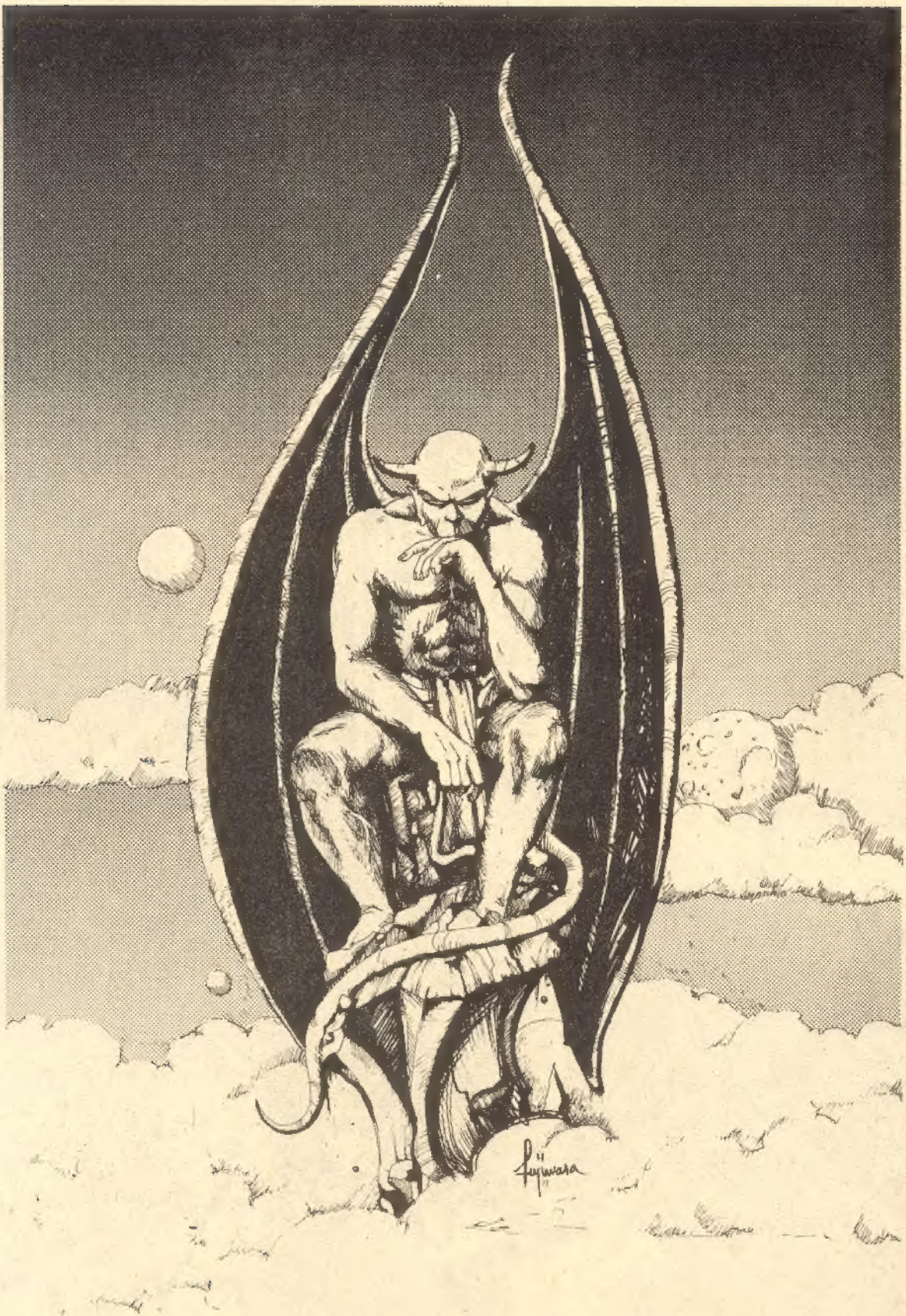
REFLECTIONS

CONCEIVED, WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND INKED by PETER SIMON

BUT WHO ARE YOU??
I AM YOU"
ME?!? BUT WHY AM I SO DECAYED??
I AM A TRUTH MIRROR, I REFLECT THE LEVEL OF GOODNESS IN YOU THROUGH MY IMAGES...
I DO NOT REFLECT FALSE IMAGES EMPLOYED BY YOU FOR GREED AND EGO PURPOSES...

YOU WERE BORN CLEAN BUT YOUR WICKED NEED HAS CAUSED YOUR NATURAL GOODNESS TO BEGIN DETERIORATING
YOU HAVE BECOME EVIL
ME? EVIL?? NONSENSE I'M JUST AS MORAL AS EVERYONE ELSE
PERHAPS, BUT THAT IS HARDLY A SCALE TO JUDGE BY EVERYONE DONS FALSE ROBES AND IT IS EVIL
NO NO I'M NOT EVIL I'M NOT EVIL AT ALL
I SEE DIFFERENT
NO! I WON'T ACCEPT IT I WON'T I TELL YOU, YOU'RE JUST A MIRROR
A PIECE OF GLASS

OHHHH!!!
JUST A STUPID PIECE OF GLASS!!!
JUST A STUPID PIECE OF GLASS...
JUST A STUPID PIECE OF GLASS.
WHAT'S WITH THAT GUY??!!
I DUNNO!
...HE JUST WENT MAD OVER THIS HARMLESS OLD MIRROR!!


Fujiwara

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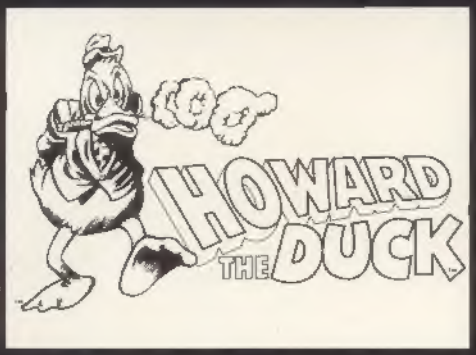
LIKE HELL.



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